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The Sorcerers of Science.

A SONG BY AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

Day by day, in this wonderful age,
Is announced some wonderful invention
Fit to puzzle the brains of a sage
And far past my poor comprehension.
You can talk, by the telephone wire,
Seas o'er with wonderful celerity;
To the phonograph they that aspire
May their voices transmit to posterity.

In my youth 'twas once thought a vain dream
That the streets could be lighted with gas;
To expect locomotion from steam
Was accounted the hope of an ass.
A guffaw, as of yesterday, rings
In mine ears from the days long ago
When, at what seemed ridiculous things,
Our grandfathers laughed, Ho! ho! ho!

And I still have some fear in my mind
That this science will end in confusion;
That its marvels at last we shall find
To have been but Old Harry's illusion.
We shall suddenly wake up some day,
In astonishment around us to stare,
To find visions have vanished away,
And the good old times still as they were.

Oh, for days on which memory dwells,
When the helgerows were sweet with musk-
roses!
What if cesspools were sunk close to wells,
And our pigsties right under our noses?
From your sewers what good have you got,
Beyond fever, typhoid and bacteria?
Till they made no drain, typhoid was not.
And we'd no such disease as diphtheria.

Now, if night's to be turned into day,
The electric light will give rise,
I've no doubt, with its dazzling display,
To some novel disease of the eyes.
Against the new light I stand by the old,
Though their sheen by comparison suffers!
Oh, for your good old days, dip and mold,
With your tinder-box, matches and snuffers!

—Punch.

THE TICKET AGENT.

"Western train's gone, madam," said
Farmer Brown, coming into the waiting
room of the little depot.

"The train I was to take?" I said,
gasping.

"Yes, madam; too bad, but can't be
helped. Harness will give out some-
times, you know," said he sympathizing-
ly.

"When is the next Western train
due?"

"Not till six o'clock; you've got five
hours to wait. Be dreadful tiresome.
But there's a nice family that lives in
't'other part of the house; s'pose I tote
you in there? I know Mrs. Holly'll
give you a bite of suthin' to eat, and
she'll be proud to let you rest on her
spare bed. Fine woman, Mrs. Holly is—
I know her. Won't you go in and see
her?"

"No, thank you, sir; I dare say that
I'll be quite comfortable here."

"Waal, jes as you please. But now I
must be goin'. Hope you'll git to your
journey's end safe. Good-bye."

And Farmer Brown left the room, got
into his wagon and soon disappeared
down the dusty road.

I had been visiting a friend who lived
in a country settlement, some five or
six miles from the solitary building dis-
tinguished by the name of depot, and when
the time came for me to return home,
she placed me in care of a neighboring
farmer who was going to a distant vil-
lage and would pass the station.

During our ride we met with an acci-
dent. Part of the harness gave way, and
we were detained such a length of time
that, as the reader knows, I was too late
for the train.

After Farmer Brown left me I amused
myself by reading a newspaper which
some one had left lying on the seat.

Finishing this, I studied the design of
the wall-paper, counted the panes of
glass in the little window, and wondered
at the tidiness of the whole apartment.

Then a thought struck me. "Oh,
probably the place is kept clean by Mrs.
Holly, over whose virtues Farmer Brown
was so enthusiastic. Wonder if this
same worthy female would give me a
glass of water?"

And I tapped on the door communi-
cating with the other apartments.

"Come in," said a cheery voice, and
entering, I found myself in one of the
prettiest, cosiest rooms I had ever seen.

The most delicious tint of buff was on
the walls; cool matting covered the
floor, muslin curtains, festooned with
ivy, hung at the windows, pictures and
flowers and all the dainty belongings
that make a room look so homely and
pleasant.

And, most charming of all, there lay
in a white-draped cradle a rosy baby,
fast asleep, with rings of golden hair fall-
ing over his white brow, and a great red
velvet rose clasped in his dimpled hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two
or three years—a little mite of a
woman, with a bright, dark face, vividly
colored big black eyes, and wondrous
dark hair wound in heavy braids about
her stately head.

She arose, with a smile, when I en-
tered.

"Excuse me; but may I trouble you
for a glass of water?" I said.

"No trouble at all. Pray be seated.
Excuse me," and she left the room.

Presently she returned, bearing a
salver, covered with a snow-white nap-
kin, containing a glass of water, a glass
of creamy milk, a saucer of luscious
strawberries and a plate of sponge-cake,
light as a yellow foam.

"Pardon me," she said, smiling, "if
I take too great liberty; but, you see,
Farmer Brown told me of your being
obliged to wait so long, and I thought
you might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind you are!" I
exclaimed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all; it is a pleasure to me.
If you are hot and dusty, perhaps you'd
like to bathe your face. If so, just step
in here."

And she led the way into a little white
bedroom—the very heart of cleanliness
and purity.

In a little while I was a very different
being from the cross, dusty, hungry
mortal who had sat in the hot waiting
room. I found Mrs. Holly a perfect
little gem of a woman, and, after the
manner of our sex, we soon became as
well acquainted as if we had known each
other for years. And while I was lying
languidly upon the comfortable sofa, and
she seated in her low chair stitching
away at her baby's dress, she told me
the one romance of her life.

"I have lived in this little depot all
my days," she began. "My father was
agent here; and he served the company
so long and so well that when he died
they kindly allowed me to remain in his
place with the same wages, too! For,
you see, I was seventeen, and my father
had long before taught me telegraphing
and all the other work. About a year
after my father's death I became ac-
quainted with Jack—Jack Holly, my
husband," and Mrs. Holly looked up
and smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on
the road (and is now, too), and every-
body considers him an honest, likely
young fellow. He thought the world of
me, and we became engaged. But you
know how girls are! The weakest of
them make a strong man tremble."

"A weak girl held all his heart strings
in her small, white hand?" I said.

"Yes; and I dare say I often pulled
Jack's heart strings rather hard; but he
was gentle and patient when I flirted
with the country lads, and when I was
wild and wayward he did not remon-
strate. But one day there came along
a city chap who engaged board for the
summer at a farmhouse in the neighbor-
hood.

"This Clarence Devarges, as he was
called, was handsome, well dressed, and
had that polished, indescribable air that
is so fascinating to most silly girls.
Jack was kind and well-mannered, but
he didn't have a bit of style about him,
but 'style' was what I doted on in those
days. So I snubbed Jack, and smiled
on Mr. Devarges when he offered his
attentions. I flirted most dreadfully
with him till even generous Jack was
displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat
grave and sad, he came into the ticket
office. The passengers had gone, and
the train was moving out. Jack's train
had stopped to take freight.

"Well, how long is this thing going
to last?" said Jack.

"What thing?" I snapped out.

"Why, this affair with Devarges; I
see it is going beyond a mere flirtation."

"Pray, what of it?"

"Only that I do not wish my future
wife's name joined in with that of a—
Jack paused here, and added earnestly:
'Well, I warn you against this fellow.
Who knows what he is?'

"Mr. Devarges is a perfect gentle-
man, and that is more than one can say
of some others," I said, hotly. "And,
Mr. Holly, in regard to your future
wife, I believe I do not aspire to that
honor, and—here is your ring." I drew
out the golden band, and handed it to
him.

"Nell, do you mean this?" inquired
Jack, with white lips.

"Yes, I do. I'm tired of your car-
ping and criticising," I said, pettishly.

"So be it, then. Good-bye," said
Jack, and without another word he left
the room.

"To tell the truth, I hadn't meant
half I said, and every minute expected
that Jack would kiss me, and we'd make
up. A mist came over my eyes as I
watched him fast disappearing again,
and I would have indulged in a good cry,
but just then 'the special' came up,
puffing, and the president of the road
came in. He was a kind old gentleman,
whom I had known since I was a wee
girl.

"Good day, Miss Nellie. Every-
thing prosperous, I hope. Will you do
a favor for me?"

"Certainly, sir, if I can."

"Well, you see, when we were com-
ing down, I met a gentleman that owed
me some money; he paid me \$900, and
now I do not know what to do with it,
as we are going into the woods to see
about laying out a new railroad. We
shall be gone two days. Don't want to
take the money with me; will you take
charge of it while I am gone?"

"If you will trust me."

"Bless my soul! yes, of course; here
is the money. Must hurry away. Good
morning."

"Scarcely had portly Mr. Sayre gone
away before Mr. Devarges came saun-
tering in.

"Got quite a little sum there, haven't
you, Miss Nellie?" eyeing the bills in
my hand.

"Yes," I replied, laughing; "Mr.
Sayre has made me his banker. Look!
Nine hundred dollars! How rich I
would be if it were mine!"

"You deserve to have much more,
and doubtless that pretty face'll win
it."

"Somehow this bold compliment failed
to please me, and it was with coldness
that I said:

"Take a chair, Mr. Devarges."

"No, thank you, Miss Nellie. I have
an appointment. But will you allow
me to call on you this evening?"

"Well, I scarcely think I will be at
home. You know that mother and sister
Lulu are away, and a little while
ago I got word from grandmother say-
ing perhaps I had better come and stay
all night with her."

"It was true that I had received such
word from grandma, but I had not
thought of accepting it. I hoped that
Jack would come and make up, and of
course, I didn't care to have Mr. Devarges
call on me at the same time.

"What will you do with that money,
Miss Nell?" carelessly inquired Mr. De-
varges.

"Oh, I shall put it right here in this
drawer. No one knows about it, and it
will be perfectly secure."

"Dare say; good morning," and with
a courtly bow, my admirer left.

"All during the day I busied myself
about my numerous duties, and when
night came I put on the dress Jack liked
best, and anxiously waited his coming.
'Seven o'clock; eight o'clock; nine
o'clock! The last train had come and
gone, and my duties for the day were
over. I put out the light in the ticket
office and went into the sitting-room,
and watched and waited. Ten o'clock!
Half-past ten! No use waiting any
longer—he wouldn't come."

"I went to the door, opened it and
looked out. There seemed everything
wicked about the whole landscape. Even
the shadows seemed alive. The sky
was beginning to be overcast, and the
moon peeped out of an inky black cloud.
The frogs down the river were croaking
dimly; the wind seemed to whisper
and moan.

"I shivered out with nameless dread,
and closed the door; went to bed and
cried myself to sleep.

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and
then awoke with a sudden start, feeling
a great difficulty in breathing. A part
of the quilt lay across my mouth, I
thought, but on reaching my hand to
remove it, I found that it was a hand-
kerchief saturated with—what?" Chlo-
roform!

"A thrill of terror passed over me.
Who had done this? Was there some
one in the house?"

"I half arose and gazed about me. All
was dark except a little ray of light fall-
ing through the partly-closed doors.

"I silently arose, and just then almost
screamed in fear when a sudden sound
smote upon my ear. It was only the
clock striking the hour of midnight. I
placed my hand upon my heart to soothe
its fierce throbs.

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all
obstacles, I reached the door, opened it,
and glanced into the sitting-room. No
one was there, but some one was in
the ticket office, for I saw a light and
heard a voice. What did they want?
The money!—oh, the money left in my
charge. Somebody was stealing it, and
what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My
God! I might be accused of taking it
myself, and thus lose honor and po-
sition.

"Rather lose life," said I to myself.
'I will defend that money unto death,'
and I looked about for some weapon.

"Under the stove was a large iron
poker. Seizing it carefully, I started
slowly toward the door. The light fell
upon the mirror, reflecting my figure,
and I've often thought since, with a sick
feeling of horror, what a picture of de-
spair I was, clad in my flowing, white
night-dress and my hair all unbound,
my face white as marble, and eyes di-
lated and glittering with a strange,
stately light.

"God said me!" I said with white
lips, and then opened the door of the
office and stole softly in. A man with
his back toward me was at the other end

of the room. He had forced open the
drawer, taken out the money, and was
looking gloatingly at the crisp green
bills, when I stole behind him. I had
just raised the poker to strike him when
he glanced around.

"My God! It was Clarence Devarges?"

"Hang it! Now I suppose I will
have to kill this pretty— He seized
me by the throat, and muttering a faint
cry, I sank down. Just then Jack, my
own Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths,
blows, fierce struggling—then all was
dark.

"For the first time in my life I fainted.

"When I recovered, Jack's face was
bending over me, and Jack's voice uttered
loving words. I put my arm around
his neck and cried like a weak baby.

"Aren't you hurt, Jack?"

"Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is
disabled, though, with a pistol wound
in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe, but it
will prevent his escape."

"But how came you here?"

"Why you see, when we parted this
morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see
you again; but to-night, after I came
home, I made up my mind to come
'round and try and 'make up.' It was
pretty late, between nine and ten, when
I came, and who should I see prowling
around but Devarges. Thinks I, 'What
does he want? If he's come a-courting,
why don't he go in instead of peeping
in the window? I rather thought he
was a scamp, because when I was in the
city yesterday the chief of police told
me that they had reason to think that a
noted gambler and black-leg had come
up in these parts. He gave a descrip-
tion and it suited Devarges perfectly,
all except a mustache. And by the
way, Nell, that silky mustache you so
much admired was false, and fell off in
our scuffle."

"Well, as I said, I saw Devarges
prowling about, and I thought I see
what he was up to. He looked in at the
window at me, and I heard him mutter:
'The deuce take it! She is at home
after all! What the deuce made her
say she was going to her grandmother's.
Now I suppose I'll have to wait till my
pretty bird's asleep.'

"So he sat down under one tree and
I under the other. We both saw you
when you opened the door and looked
out. After you had been abed about an
hour, Devarges forced open the sitting-
room window and crawled in. While he
was in the office lighting the lamp, I
also got in at the window and concealed
myself in the closet, and—well, you
know all the rest."

"Jack," said I, tearfully, "you'll
forgive me for being naughty and way-
ward, and you'll believe me when I say
that I loved you all the time, won't
you?"

"Well, Jack said he would, and we
have been happy ever since. And this
is my story—my only romance."

Flowers Under the Sea.

In the world under the waters are
lovely flowers of every hue, instinct
with life and passion, which brighten
with pleasure and pale with pain, which
wave about on long stems in the shift-
ing currents, as earthly flowers do to
the varying zephyrs, or sit in conscious
beauty, thick-clustered, on a rough-
ribbed branch of coral, or, breaking
from their parent stems by a strange
metamorphosis, unknown to the vegetable an-
alogues, become wanderers and vaga-
bonds for the rest of their lives. Among
these submarine flowers, none show a
rarer beauty or greater brilliancy than
the coral polyps. The tenderest and
most subtle grays, the most suggestive
and softest carnations, and royal purple
robe these little polypidoms—"daugh-
ters of the sea"—creatures that were,
until a hundred and fifty years ago,
universally believed to be marine flow-
ers and trees.

There are strange flowers and trees,
stalks and branches covered with bark,
from which proceed buds that open into
flowers, and bear seeds that reproduce
the coral; but the stalks, instead of be-
ing herbaceous or woody, like those of
vegetables, are horny or calcareous;
the buds and flowers, endowed with
animal life and intelligence, are sensi-
tive and perceptive beings; the petals,
opening out into rosettes, are so many
arms, feelers, or tentacles that move
about in search of food, which, seizing
upon, they convey to their common axis
or center, where is placed the mouth,
and devour. The animated corolla opens
and shuts alternately, and on the slight-
est hint of danger withdraws itself into
itself, until nothing but an inconspicuous
little gray knob can be seen, where but
an instant before all was life, color and
motion.

One Wisconsin editor advises another
to gather his ears in folds on top of his
head with a back-comb, whereas the
other seems quite caritaded.—Graphic.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Foreign merchants ship eggs to Lon-
don in cheap coffins, there being more
profit in selling the coffins than in dis-
posing of other wooden packages.

The mayor of Rockford, Ill., furnishes
the young men with a pleasant and com-
fortable resort, where they can engage
in chess, checkers and similar amuse-
ments, free from temptation and evil
associations.

Cincinnati grocers advertise for sale
in the Sunday papers, under exasperat-
ing cartoons, the bills of their delin-
quent customers, giving the debtor's
name, occupation and residence, and the
amount of the little bill.

Thomas Massey got out of bed in
Milwaukee on an intensely cold morning
to build a fire, instead of making his
wife do it, and was found an hour after-
ward frozen nearly to death in the yard,
where he had gone for wood.

The new lieutenant-governor of Colo-
rado not long ago was a stonecutter in
Augusta, Me., and when he went West
he opened a miners' store in Leadville,
Col. Now he is worth \$5,000,000, owns
two mines, from which he receives thou-
sands a day, is president of a bank and
proprietor of a large wholesale store,
and has been postmaster.

The savings banks in the United
States generally make a much poorer ex-
hibit during the past year than they
have made usually. For example, the
fifty-nine banks of Maine showed a de-
crease of 10,683 in the number of
depositors, and a shrinkage of deposits
to the extent of \$2,743,565.29, exclusive
of the marking off of \$1,035,481.03 by
legal decrees. In Massachusetts, the
banks showed a reduction of near 80,000
depositors, and of some \$28,000,000 in
deposits.

An instance of the great value of pres-
ence of mind was shown in a church
near Newcastle, England, the other day.
The curate had just begun his sermon,
when the vicar suddenly arose, inter-
rupted him and pronounced the bene-
diction. The people went out, wonder-
ing what was the cause of the sudden
closing of the service. It soon trans-
pired that the heating flues had set fire
to the organ loft, and that the vicar's
prompt and composed action had pre-
vented a disastrous panic.

How to Load a Gun.

The author of "Shooting on the
Wing" says of loading the gun: Under
this head we have to consider not
only the best quantities and proportions
of powder and shot, but the proper
mode of inserting the charge in the
gun. If the weapon be a breech-loader,
full directions in regard to the point
will be given by the manufacturer; but
where a muzzle-loader is used, there is
a certain routine to be observed, both
for the sake of securing rapidly and
certainty, and of avoiding danger.

Both barrels of the gun being un-
loaded, the following is the system that
we always follow: Grasping the bar-
rel with the left hand a few inches be-
low the muzzle, the hammers being at
half-cock and the gun in such a position
directly in front that the trigger-guard
is toward the person, we measure out
the proper quantity of powder for a
load, and pour it into each barrel in
succession; and, after returning the
flask to the pocket, insert a cut wad in
each barrel, draw the ramrod, and press
it gently to the bottom. For doing
this, Frank Forrester gives some very
excellent advice as follows: "Remem-
ber not to grasp the rod, much less
cover the tip of it with the palm of your
hand in ramming down, but to hold it
only between the tips of your fingers
and thumb. In case of an explosion,
this difference in the mode of holding it
will just make the difference of lacerated
finger-tips, or a hand blown to
shreds."

The rod may now be held in the same
hand that supports the barrels, while
the shot is carefully measured and pour-
ed into them; wads are again inserted
and pressed home, and the ramrod re-
turned to its proper place. All that
now remains is to cap the piece, and
see that the hammers are at half-cock.

The man who now shakes a five-dol-
lar gold piece under the public nose
doesn't measure any more around the
cheek than the owner of a five-dollar
greenback.—Detroit Free Press.

During the last year 5,314 books have
been published in England; of these
3,730 are wholly new, and 1,584 are new
editions. This number exceeds by 260
the total of the previous year.

The Man with an Appetite.

A man I know's the hungriest one
That ever saw the light;
His gormandizing's never done,
He's such an appetite.

The story brought to me, you know
By little listening birds,
Was that a day or two ago
He firstly ate his words.

Then going home, he from a shelf
A ponderous volume took;
And there alone quite by himself,
He soon devoured the book.

Still pangs of hunger ne'er forsook
This most voracious male,
Not only he devoured the book,
But swallowed, too, the tale.

And yet he longed for more to eat;
Yes, still he craved for more,
Until to make his meal complete,
Quick bolted he the door.

Items of Interest.

Speech has been restored by use of
chloroform.

When a mule weeps does it shed
muleteers?

Persons of abandoned habits—Dealers
in old clothes.

A paste-pot doesn't denote time, yet
it is known by its stick.

Why is the letter B like a hot fire?
Because it makes oil boil.

Two solar eclipses invisible in this
country are down for '79.

The American people are treading on
100,000 cords of wood all the while—
shoe-pegs.

A new book, like a fresh lobster,
doesn't benefit a man until it is read
and digested.

The year 1878 will be notable for the
death of distinguished persons in nearly
all communities.

Under old Saxon laws the larceny of
anything over twelve pence was punish-
able with death.

A man sometimes seems to be asleep
when he is merely rocked in the cradle
of the deep thought.

Persons who write anonymous letters
for publication should send their fool
names to the publishers.

The man who unexpectedly sat down
in some warm glue thinks there is more
than one way of getting badly stuck.

We rather think that the most reluc-
tant slave to vice that we ever saw was
a poor man who had his finger in one.

The candidates of the masses
Whose thought-fires flicker and fade
Where fancy with feeling fuses,
Their sconces should rub with prem and

"Divinely-Inspired Charity."

The yellow fever report from the How-
ard association of New Orleans, for 1878,
has this reference to the North: "And
now, brethren, what more can be said,
save if we attempt to speak in praise of
and thanks to the generous hearts that
sent to our people that bounty, so grand,
which we have administered to the
stricken and afflicted. We have already,
as best we could, expressed in words the
thanks we feel to them for their divinely-
inspired charity. No human tongue, no
human pen, can fittingly express it. It
is as unutterable as the sorrow and suf-
fering which their generosity has miti-
gated and relieved. Eternity alone will
unfold all the good that they have done.
We who have, in the administration of
their bounty, been called to stand by the
bedside of sickness and death, and in
the house of mourning and destitution,
can tell them only that we have seen the
light of hope replace the gloom of an
almost despair, and strength and courage
revive in those who were ready to die.
We have seen, and we have felt; but
even we do not and cannot know all
here. The record of it all is written
above, and there only shall they read
it."

Near-Sightedness and Far-Sightedness.

Presbyopia, or what is commonly
known as far-sightedness, is found to
supervene earlier with those who are
constantly at work than with other in-
dividuals, and, as soon as it does, con-
vex glasses should at once be resorted
to, without which the muscles of accom-
modation would be fatigued to no pur-
pose; at first, they should be used for
working in the evening, after the fa-
tigue of the day; but a long-sighted
person should only use spectacles for
looking at near objects, not at far ones.
Work requiring close application favors
the development of myopia, or near-
sightedness, precisely in proportion as
the conditions of illumination are bad;
and, if the action of those causes con-
tinues, the myopia must increase until
vision is lost. If the eyes are fatigued
by bad artificial illumination, blue or
slightly-smoked or smoke-colored glass-
es are useful; and, in order to avoid the
lateral rays, they should be large and
round. In case of persistent irritation,
all work should be abandoned, and an
examination made to see if there be any
disturbance of refraction, etc.

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ADVERTISING RATES.—Reading notices, 25 cts. a line; Special notices, 15 cts. a line; Religious notices, 10 cts. a line; Ordinary notices, 10 cts. a line; Ordinary advertisements, 5 cts. a line. Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 4 cents.

THE ICE CROP.

Last Wednesday afternoon we visited the ice houses of Addison Gage & Co., at Spy Pond, to witness the highly gratifying sight presented by the hundreds of men engaged in harvesting the first good crop of ice from this source in several years. Nothing has given us so much pleasure for a long time, for it means comforts for many a home among us during these dreary winter months, employment through the whole year to many men who might otherwise be idle, the addition of a large amount to the taxable property in town, and many other considerations and occasions for thankfulness which will suggest themselves to all.

We found the ice to be all that had been claimed for it in point of excellence, clear as crystal, and averaging fourteen inches in thickness, and everything working as smoothly, on this the first day, as it has ever done. Two hundred and fifty men, and we do not know how many horses, were employed in the immediate vicinity of the great store houses on Lake street, some conducting it into the houses, and others engaged in filling a long train of cars to convey it to Boston.

It is the purpose of the Company to cut every pound of ice their houses, on both sides of the pond, can hold, and with a view to be wholly prepared the entire pond has been scraped and is in readiness for the groovers and planers as soon as the time comes to work on the opposite side of the pond. We sincerely hope that nothing will occur to interfere with these plans, for nothing will have so good an effect upon the whole town as the gathering of these houses full of the beautiful ice with which the pond is now covered.

ENTERTAINMENT.—Tuesday evening another highly-enjoyable entertainment was given in the vestry of the Unitarian church by members of the society. The audience was not as large as on some previous occasions, but the entertainment was of superior excellence. The opening consisted of a finely rendered piano solo by Miss Annie Proctor, and this was followed with a reading by Miss Mary E. Lord, who won fresh laurels here. A flute and piano duet next charmed the audience. Two scenes from the "Heir at Law," were next given. Miss Lord favored the company with another selection, and the entertainment closed with the old yet even new "Jumbo Jumb." The characters of the "Tramps" were sustained by the "stock company" of the church with all the old-time acceptance, but a new candidate for honors as "Jumbo Jumb" appeared on this occasion, and to say that he won them is feeble praise. The character in his hands was simply immense.

S. S. TEMP. UNION.—The first public meeting of this interesting society of young people has been arranged for next Sunday evening, at six o'clock, in the Universalist church. The President of the Union, Rev. W. F. Potter, has arranged a very pleasing programme, introducing recitations, singing and other pleasant exercises by the children, and it is likely to be one of the most interesting and instructive meetings yet held here in the interests of temperance. The early hour at which it is held will not interfere with the meetings at the other churches, especially, as is likely to be the case, if they arrange to hold these half an hour later than usual. We hope all the children will induce their parents to let them attend.

LEASE.—At an adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, Wednesday forenoon, the committee appointed to receive, assort and count votes upon the question of ratifying the lease of the Salem & Lowell Railroad to the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company reported that the whole number of shares in the capital stock was 6500; necessary to ratify the lease, 3251; numbers of shares voting in favor of the lease, 3402; in opposition, none.

The annual report of the receiver of the Lexington Savings Bank shows that, on the 24th of December, 1878, the value of the assets was \$101,142.88; the liabilities were \$95,222.52, and a few taxes on estates owned, and that the cash on hand at the close of business Dec. 31, 1878, was \$17,350.25.

Regular meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Reynolds's Hall, Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock. Ladies are invited to meet and sew at two o'clock. A full attendance is desired, as matters relating to the fair will come before the meeting.

FATHER FINOTTI'S DEATH.

We this week have to record the death of another former pastor in Arlington, the Rev. J. M. Finotti, who died at Colorado on the 10th inst. He was an Italian by birth, and came from one of the best families in Italy. He studied with the Jesuit order, but left them shortly after being ordained. On coming to Boston some twenty-eight years ago, he was assigned to the old cathedral in Franklin street, then under the pastorate of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick. Afterwards he was appointed pastor of the church in Brookline, where he remained several years. Leaving there on account of ill health he took a vacation of several years.

About the first of January, 1873, Father Finotti came to Arlington and took charge of St. Malachi's church, being also assigned to the care of St. Bridget's, at Lexington. He entered on his duties with the zeal that characterized all his efforts, and at once set about improving the condition of affairs in his new parish. The basement of the Arlington church was unfinished, and to raise funds to complete the work he arranged for a grand fair. It proved a success, continuing for nearly two weeks, and netting about \$3,500.00. He also effected the purchase of the house adjoining the church, fitted it for his own use, and it continues to be used by his successor, Rev. M. Harkins. He next turned his attention to the Lexington church, disposed of the place of worship in East Lexington, and purchased the land and buildings on the present site of St. Bridget's church. This accomplished, he at once arranged for a fair at Lexington, and succeeded in raising between three and four thousand dollars, which was sufficient to build and furnish the basement and give the church a comfortable place for worship. Much of the time he was a great sufferer from rheumatism, but sick or well he was always the faithful pastor, zealous for the welfare of his people. A little more than a year ago he removed to Cincinnati, and afterwards went to Colorado, where he ended his days.

Father Finotti was a most eloquent preacher in his own language, and even as an English scholar in Catholic literature he had few superiors. For a quarter of a century Father Finotti was actively engaged in the mission in Massachusetts. During a portion of this time he was literary editor of the Boston Pilot. His contributions to Catholic literature have been many and valuable. As an historian of Catholic America, literature he had no equal. Father Finotti's brother (Chevalier Finotti) was Italian vice-consul in Boston for many years, and was connected in a great degree with the misfortunes of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, who has forgotten all the losses he sustained and joins with the family in regret for the loss they have sustained.

MOTHER GOOSE.—Wednesday evening a novel and pleasing entertainment was given in the vestry of the Congregational church. It consisted of acts, tableaux and pantomimes, illustrative of many of the most familiar of Mother Goose Melodies. The entertainment opened with a piano solo by Miss Nellie Hardy, which ended in a march, to the music of which the performers paraded through the aisles to display their several costumes. Mr. Myron Taylor then read a witty address, and introduced Mother Goose and Little Boy Blue. They called off the characters, who again passed in review across the stage, and this better view of the actors, and clearer understanding of the meaning of the costumes, convulsed the audience with laughter, and made the vestry ring with applause. Next each "melody" was enacted in detail, and the several performers had ample time to display themselves and their costumes. As there was some forty or fifty performers, it is impossible for us to go into the details of the entertainment. We are sure the audience was pleased, and know the actors feel repaid for their trouble by the large attendance and evident appreciation of their efforts. We must speak of the closing act, however. When the curtain was drawn back for the last time it discovered the entire company arranged in tiers one above the other, so that every face and form was visible, and in front stood Mother Goose. She recited a short closing address, and then all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," which ran off into "Jack and Gill," and so the pleasant affair ended.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated, for Jan. 25, contains some excellent character sketches of incidents of the recent snow blockade on the railroads in western New York. This paper always contains a fund of entertaining and useful information, all the more easily conveyed by its excellent illustrations.

Last Tuesday morning the thermometer in several places in town indicated 10° below zero.

The dancing party in Bethel Lodge room, last Wednesday evening, was a very pleasant affair.

American coal is finding a market in Switzerland.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WESTBORO, Mass., Jan. 22, 1879.
It was our good fortune to be chosen as one of the delegates to the eighth reunion of the Red Ribbon Reform Clubs of Massachusetts, which met in the Town Hall in this town yesterday. We (the entire Arlington delegation) were met at the depot by Rev. Dr. Cady, who claimed the right of entertaining us during our stay in town, and as none could refuse a request which gave so much pleasure, it is from one of the pleasant rooms in the Dr.'s new and attractive home that we chat with our readers about the business and work of yesterday.

But first we would correct a wrong impression (for which we are perhaps some to blame in consequence of a misunderstanding), as to the location and surroundings of Dr. Cady's new home. Most of the people of Arlington have an idea that he has a small farm, and devotes his time to its care. Nothing could be further from the truth. The house is a two-story, modern built structure, with attic, connected by means of an extension with a commodious barn, and the buildings stand near the top of a hill within three minutes' walk of the depot, in the centre of the town of Westboro. On the south-eastern side of the house is a garden plot of about three-fourths of an acre of land, almost crowded with fruit trees, vines, etc. From the upper windows of the house the prospect in every direction is more than pleasing. From the window of the Dr.'s "den," as he calls it,—study, or sanctum, really,—the extensive buildings of the State Reform School can be seen. To the east at the foot of the hill are the handsome straw hat manufactories which give employment to so many people in town; and beyond, the pleasant buildings and the gratifying stir and bustle of a thriving New England town. In the south the prospect is shut in by a range of hills almost exactly equal in size, and whose tops are rounded with a uniformity which we do not expect to see in the results of the upheavals of past ages. We do not wonder, that among such surroundings as these, shut in from distressing easterly winds, Dr. Cady and wife have found a new lease of life, vigor and strength. All our readers will rejoice with us that this is so,—that he is in better health than he has enjoyed for years,—for Dr. Cady occupies a large place in the hearts of all the people of Arlington, regardless of sect and denomination. Long may he live to enjoy his charming home and work for the Master with the strength of "renewed youth."

The reunion was the largest and, in some respects, the best that the Red Ribbon clubs have yet held. Thirty-two clubs were represented by one hundred and seventy-three delegates. The reports by the various presidents or representatives were all gratifying, and although we made no figures, feel confident that they represented a membership of over four thousand men. The President of the Westboro Reform Club, Mr. C. A. Goss, was chosen to preside at the reunion. The forenoon was filled with reports from the various clubs. At noon the delegates were sumptuously entertained in the lower hall of the building. The afternoon session was taken up with reports, discussion on the resolutions offered, and addresses by several speakers, the most prominent of which was Mr. D. G. Frost, of Winchester, who has returned from his noble work in Connecticut for a short season of rest. He has improved greatly as a speaker.

In the evening a mass meeting was held in Town Hall, which was filled to overflowing, and the best commentary upon the speakers, and the interest, is the fact that there was hardly a break in the audience until after ten o'clock. At that hour the pledges were introduced, and over forty names (we did not hear the exact number), mostly of young men, were secured to the Reynolds pledge.

After the audience was dismissed the delegates who desired to do so were invited to the club room, where a dramatic entertainment for their amusement had been provided. But our little company preferred the quiet of this pleasant home, and probably feel full as well this morning as those who extended the festivities and pleasures of the occasion.

Several clubs were anxious to secure the next meeting of the reunion with them, but the Stoneham club was the fortunate one, and it will be held with some time in April. The committee consists of S. C. Small, Winchester; G. W. Penniman, Quincy; R. J. Hardy, Arlington; G. M. Cushing, Fitchburg; C. E. Niles, Wakefield; T. C. Silk, Stoneham; W. H. Gibby, Jr., Chelsea.

The characteristics of this reunion were, the noble steadfastness of the men; the evidences of their consecration to the work for life; and a gradual lifting up of the tone of work. Few speakers seemed satisfied with a cleansed body simply,—nearly all were evidently aiming for a higher and a purer moral atmosphere, with a fixedness of purpose which must bring good to themselves and the clubs they represented. These, more than the large attendance, led us to say at the commencement that the reunion was the best of any yet held.

C. S. P.

THE "DUMP" FARMERS.

The old feeling of dissatisfaction in relation to their stands in Boston, that has for a number of years prevailed among the market farmers, seems to have been revived again this season. The question of a removal of their stands from the Mercantile wharf property to the old India wharf "dump" is being agitated, and for the purpose of arriving at the feelings of the farmers upon that subject, a meeting was held Saturday at 32 India wharf. Between 50 and 60 interested parties were present, and Mr. W. A. Humphrey was chosen chairman and Andrew C. Fearling, Jr., secretary. After some preliminary conversation in relation to existing difficulties between some of the farmers and the Mercantile wharf proprietors, a committee of 20 was appointed to interview the farmers and ascertain how many were desirous of returning to the India wharf location. The committee will report the result of their investigations at the next meeting of the farmers, which will be held at 32 India wharf at 11 o'clock, A. M., Saturday, Feb. 1.

The India Wharf Corporation is anxious to secure the return of the farmers to their property, and are now very profuse in promises. They offer to put up new sheds in the two centre rows, erect iron buildings, and make other improvements, and will grant leases for five years at the old prices. Some of the farmers have been dissatisfied with the removal from the first, and have spared no pains to create dissatisfaction. On the other hand, many are equally prejudiced against a return, and it looks now as though a fight between factions was likely to result.

The principal grounds for complaint against the present location are its approaches and exits, the admission of such a quantity of "speculators," and the establishment of liquor saloons in the vicinity. The last caused us to smile.

The committee having charge of the papers for signatures in favor of the change are busy, and the prospect is that the meeting on next week Saturday will be a lively one.

SPECIAL SERVICE.—The Unitarian church was filled last Sunday morning as we should be pleased to see and know of its being every Sunday, without the special features which drew so many together. The Sunday school occupied the seats in the centre of the church, and they furnished the singing. The opening exercises were very simple, and at their close the Superintendent of the school, Mr. H. H. Ceiley, made a few remarks urging parents to assist the school by seeing to it that the children learned their lessons, and the school to contribute towards the attractiveness of the preaching service, by a more general attendance on their part. He then introduced Mr. W. H. Baldwin, of Boston, who spoke for about half an hour. He knew that he was growing older in years, but the thing which kept him young in his feelings was associating so much with the children. He was glad to hear the words spoken by the Superintendent. He began to attend church very young, and had continued until it became his fixed habit. He believed the Sunday school the best place to build up the right character. It was there children learned self control,—to bow to the command "Thou shalt not." This point he enforced by Pres. Lincoln's short sermon:—"Don't swear, don't lie, don't steal, don't cheat, don't drink, don't smoke, don't gamble,—love God and man, and be happy." He assured teachers that they were engaged in a noble work, and were stamping the impress of their characters upon the plastic minds before them. He believed the teacher who often felt discouraged was one of the best in the school, because it indicated effort, and no effort in this direction was without good results. He had great distrust of one who was perfectly satisfied with his or her work.

The address to parents was well timed and fitted nicely with the remarks of Mr. Ceiley. The children will display interest in the School, according to the degree manifested by the parents. He reminded them that their places were soon to be filled by the present members of the school, and that they would be better qualified for the trust if they graduated from the Sunday School. Cards containing an extract from a recent sermon by Rev. James Freeman Clark were then distributed, and the exercises closed with the benediction by the pastor. After the audience had been dismissed some twenty members of the school came forward and received the presents assigned them for constant attendance during the year; a book to those not absent at all, and a picture to those about only once.

BIG HOG.—Last Monday we saw the largest hog of the season hanging in Messrs. Jackson Bro's. Market, at Lexington. It was raised by Mr. H. Bowen, was only eighteen months old, and weighed, when dressed, six hundred and fifteen pounds.

Hand in subscriptions, please.

CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. Lewis Merrill, pastor. Morning service at 10.45; Sunday School at 12. Evening service at 7.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. C. H. Spalding, pastor. Morning service at 10.30; Sunday School at 12. Afternoon service at 3.00; prayer meeting at 7.00.

The pastor will preach a brief sermon next Sabbath evening, on the subject, "What is it to be a Christian." The sermon will be followed by a service of prayer and conference. Service at quarter past seven o'clock.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Rev. W. J. Parrot, pastor. Sunday School at 9.30; preaching at 10.45.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.—Rev. W. F. Potter, pastor. Morning service at 10.45. Sunday School at 12.

Rev. Richard Eddy, of Medford, will preach in the morning. Union Sunday School Temperance concert at 6 p. m. All are invited.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Rev. D. G. Haskins, D. D., Rector. Choir rehearsal at 2; Sunday School at 2.30; prayers and sermon at 3.00; evening prayers and sermon at 7.30.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.—This was the title of Rev. J. Lewis Merrill's lecture before the Congregational church course, last Tuesday evening. The weather was very pleasant, though cold, but as there were other entertainments to draw the attention of our people the attendance was much the same as at the other lectures.

The attempt of the lecturer was to show that there always is a middle course to be pursued in every process of thinking and of action. Extremes should be avoided, because they are unsafe and because an extreme is never a useful man. We have torrid heat at the equator, and an Arctic cold at the poles; but the golden mean of temperature is about 68 farhenheit. Not under the equator, nor yet under the poles, is found what we call punk, but on a line running through Boston, New York, and Chicago. This tendency to run to extremes was noted in society, in politics, and philosophy. The lecturer thought this tendency was not to be deplored, if all men, counted together, could be kept well balanced. It relieved monotony to have men think differently.

A well-proportioned man is five feet ten inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds; but it gives variety and spice to life to have men of all lengths, from the diminutive tot of one foot six, to the Canadian giant of seven feet six,—and of all widths, from the attenuated Alex. H. Stephens, who is but a living skeleton, to the Fat Boy, who is as tall when he is down as when he stands up. Balance in opinion is what we want, not every man run in the same mould. It is the blending of extremes that gives the golden mean. There are three directions to be followed in attaining this mean of blessing. There must be a cool head. The man that is not cool can never be trusted. The world instinctively knows the value of this quality, and admires it. But these must be blended with a cool head, a warm heart. The brain is the machinery which must be kept cool and well-oiled. The heat to set all this moving is best kindled in the affections. The third direction was that the cool head and warm heart must never be used to compromise with evil. The lecturer paid a glowing tribute to Chas. Sumner for his non-compromising spirit as shown at the breaking out of the rebellion. The lecture abounded in illustrations.

NEW MAGAZINES.—Demorest's Monthly for February is adorned with the usual beautiful chromo, and other nearly equally attractive pictures; contains many short sketches and two continued stories; has the usual variety of useful hints to housekeepers and receipts for cooking; is supplemented with a full size pattern for a neat and tasteful boys suit. The whole combined makes a number of rare merit, and a fit companion for the first number of the new year.

Godey's Lady's Book came to hand one day too late for notice in last week's issue. The mantle of its founder has fallen upon the shoulders of those who are able to sustain the reputation the late Mr. Godey established with the labors of a life time. The present number is perfect in every way.

The Nursery has already performed its joyful mission for another month and carried instruction and pleasure to thousands of homes in our land. With such helps as this and kindred magazines, it is not strange that the rising generation is further advanced than any preceding one. Once again we say no family, where there are young children, should be without the Nursery.

SLEIGHING.—We have been favored with another week of sleighing as perfect as ever was, and with weather which has only contributed to make it more enjoyable to all fortunate enough to have the time and other necessary accessories. Massachusetts House, at Lexington, the building which stood on the grounds in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition, has had its full share of patronage, each evening entertaining from one to three parties. Ex-Gov. Rice and staff; a party com-

posed partly of attaches of the Boston Museum, among whom was the genial Mrs. Vincent and Dr. Franc Harris, and having with them Dunbar's Band; a large party from the Clarendon Hotel, Boston; and a pleasant party from Waltham,—have been the most prominent parties entertained there this week. We do not wonder at this prosperity, as it is certainly the most attractive hotel in this neighborhood.

SUPPLEMENT.—A new supplement to Cary Library, at Lexington, was issued last Saturday. It was printed at this office, and is a neat little book.

[Correspondence.]

BELMONT, Jan. 21, 1879.

MR. EDITOR:—Not long since, the writer was requested to draw up a subscription paper, in aid of a very worthy couple, one of which was quite aged and infirm, consequently had become reduced in circumstances. Some of his friends had suggested that he be sent to the "Old Man's Home," while the other party was abundantly able to take care of herself. No! responded the noble-hearted woman, while I have strength to work, my husband with whom I have lived in harmony for many long years, shall not want a home of his own, and the energetic wife has redeemed her pledge and worked for many months, even beyond her strength (which was never great) to make home as comfortable as possible. But it was too much, as she herself was somewhat advanced in life. The writer performed his unwelcome task in circulating the paper with hesitation. But solicitations were responded to with readiness, and himself expressed sympathies by the noble-hearted generous citizens of this section of Eastern Belmont, and Western Arlington. Could the kind-hearted donors have seen the grateful emotions produced by their liberality, the writer thinks they would consider themselves sufficiently rewarded, and he would take this opportunity to express his own heartfelt thanks to one and all.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—ye have done it unto Me!"

[Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 22, 1879.

Memories of other days rush upon us oftentimes when visiting the White House. Leaving a distant city with a friend for the Capitol, a poor widow, whose only son a soldier boy, had been sentenced by a drum head Court Martial to be shot, put into our hands a petition to be presented to President Lincoln asking a stay of execution. No time was to be lost. Thirty-six hours after our arrival, Willie in the Army of the Cumberland, Willie the widow's only son, was to be shot. Immediately we made our way to the White House, but Rosecrans had that day been driven back from Chattanooga, our army had suffered defeat, and the President and Stanton were all day closeted in close consultation at the War Office. The day wore on, and night came with its sombre shade, and that poor boy and the lonely widow continually before us. Still eagerly striving to reach the President, we visited the White House, and about nine o'clock, in the grounds, we were met by a long, dark figure, with shoulders stooping, hands beside him in deep and thoughtful meditation. We said Mr. President, a soldier boy, a widow's son, is to be shot to-morrow, at three o'clock. "Where," said he, enquiringly. We replied, "In the Army of the Cumberland." "What for," said he. The old story—run, we replied. "A widow's son," said he. "Come to my office. We will see whether he will be shot or no." This great man, with a heart as tender as a woman's, took his pen and dashed off a dispatch to the Commander of the Army of the Cumberland—"Delay execution of Willie — the widow's only son." A Lincoln. The quivering wires bore away the message, he remarking, "It may be too late, poor boy." It was late next evening, when by special permit we called at the Executive Chamber, and asked the President if he had any answer, when straightening himself up and thrusting his hand hurriedly into his coat pocket, he replied laughingly, "As Artemus Ward said, I guess I are," and read: "Private Willie, the Widow's only son will not be shot till further orders," and he lives today a monument of the tenderness of the heart of a man whose memory is a precious legacy to us, and will be to coming generations.

The tramp question has been solved in New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In Providence tramps are set cutting wood, fed and lodged, and paid fifty cents per day. This was expected to prove an expensive experiment, but the figures show an actual saving. Vagrants are not inclined to trust in Providence, and flight shy of that locality. A large stone pile, and a law in every State compelling vagabonds to break stone and earn the food they eat will convert this army from tramp-hood into respectable manhood. Let it be done everywhere in our country, and tramps will find it necessary to migrate to Canada.

The first cargo of American coal has been tested in the foundries at Geneva, Switzerland, and the iron has proved so much better than that made by the ordinary coke of the country that manufacturers express their amazement and gratification at the results, and announce their intention to purchase American coal exclusively in the future. This is the enter-

